Being nere ſo little vrgd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vſurped throne,
The loue of wicked men conuerts to feare,
That feare to hate,and hate turnes one or both
To worthy daunger and deſerued death.
My guilt be on my head,and there an end:
Take leaue and part,for you muſt part forthwith.
King Doubly diuorſt,(badde men)you violate
A twofold marriage,betwixt my Crowne and me,
And then betwixt me and my maried wife.
Let me vnkiſſe the oath betwixt thee and mee:
And yet not ſo,for with a kiſſe twas made.
Part vs Northumberland,I towards the north,
Where ſhiuering cold and ſickneſſe pines the clime:
My wife to France,from whence ſet foorth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweete May,
Sent backe like Hollowmas,or ſhortſt of day.
Queene And muſt we be diuided?muſt we part?
King I hand from hand (my loue)and heart from heart.
Queene Baniſh vs both,and ſend the king with mee.
King That were ſome loue,but little pollicie.
Queene Then whither he goes,thither let me go.
King So two togither weeping make one woe,
Weepe for me in France, I for thee heere,
Better far off then neere be nere the neere,
Go count thy way with ſighes,I mine with groanes.
Queene So longeſt way ſhall haue the longeſt moanes,
King Twiſe for one ſtep ile groane,the way being ſhort,
And peece the way out with a heauie heart.
Come come in wooing ſorow lets be briefe,
Since wedding it,there is ſuch length in griefe,
One kiſſe ſhall ſtoppe our mouthes,and doubly part,
Thus giue I mine,and thus take I thy heart:
Queene Giue me mine owne againe,twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe,and kill thy heart:
So now I haue mine owne againe,be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane,
King We make woe wanton with this fond delay,